When in that moment (ſo it came to paſſe)
Tytania waked, and ſtraightway lou'd an aſſe.
Ob. This falles out better then I could deuiſe:
But haſt thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee do?
Rob. I tooke him ſleeping (that is finiſht to)
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That when he wak't, of force ſhe muſt be eyde.
Enter Demetrius and Hermia.
Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian.*
Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Deme. O why rebuke you him that loues you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould vſe thee worſe.
For thou (I feare) haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander* in his ſleepe, (to,
Being ore ſhooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me
The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia?* Ile beleeue as ſoone
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes.*
It cannot be but thou haſt murdred him,
So ſhould a murderer looke, ſo dead, ſo grim.
Dem. So ſhould the murdered looke, & ſo ſhould I,
Pierſt through the heart with your ſtearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looke as bright, as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering ſpheare.
Her. VVhat's this to my *Lyſander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?
Dem. Ide rather giue his carkaſſe to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out curre, thou driu'ſt me paſt the bonds
Of maidens patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

Oh,

Oh, once tell true, euen
Durſt thou haue lookt vp
And haſt thou kild him
Could not a worme, an A
An Adder did it. For wit
Then thine (thou ſerpen
Dem. You ſpend your
I am not guilty of *Lyſan*
Nor is he dead, for ought
Her. I pray thee tell m
Dem. And if I could, v
Her. A priuiledge, neu
And from thy hated preſ
Whether he be dead or n
Dem. There is no follo
Heere therefore for a wh
So ſorrowes heauineſſe
For debt that bankrout ſl
Which now in ſome ſligh
If for his tender heere I
Ob. What haſt thou d
And laide the loue-iuyce
Of thy miſpriſion, muſt p
Some true loue turn'd, an
Rob. Then fate ore-rul
A million faile, confound
Ob. About the wood,
And *Helena* of *Athens* lo
All fancy ſicke ſhe is, and
With ſighes of loue, that
By ſome illuſion ſee thou
Ile charme his eies, again
Robin. I go, I go, looke
Swifter then arrow from
Ob. Flower of this pur